

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

My Funny Valentine

orphan_account

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Summary:

You arrive home from a busy day to find 90s!Pennywise waiting for you, with a Valentine's Day treat. You are surprised to discover that Penny's idea of an appropriate gift just happens to be a freakishly tall, extremely slobbery, and charmingly buck-toothed version of himself...and they both want to play with you.

Yeah.

1990 Penny and 2017 Penny are gonna tag team you.

Enjoy.

My Funny Valentine

Author's Note:

- For [Mualhani](#), [Beastlybfs](#), [DJSpidersGeorg](#).

So, after weeks of furtively sifting through clown dick smut, I'm officially joining you all on the trash train to Derry. Toot toot! I present to you, this paltry offering, written mostly to get this new obsession out of my system. Not proud of it, almost immediately orphaned it, but here it is, folks.

What a day.

Dusk has almost fallen by the time you reach your house, on the outskirts of Derry. The sky is a deep purple, shot through with strands of blue and gold, and the air is heavy with the promise of rain. A thunderstorm on the horizon, maybe. You trudge up the steps to the porch, fumbling in your purse for your keys, swearing under your breath. Your feet are burning and you can feel the beginnings of a migraine in your temples. The diner had been surprisingly busy, for a Wednesday. Full of loved up couples, of all types and ages; it was Valentine's Day, but you hadn't realised it until you arrived for your shift and were confronted with the sight of cheesy decorations and new specials on the menu.

Paper heart chains and red velvet cake milkshakes.

Ugh.

Elderly couples held hands like newlyweds. Kids ran riot through the place, ignored by their horny parents. Teenage boys came slinking in, furtive and embarrassed, avoiding the starry eyes of their love-struck dates, as they thrust boxes of cheap drugstore chocolates at one another. And then, about an hour before the end of your shift, your mom and dad had turned up, pawing at each other in a parody of young lust.

They ordered the specials, your mom chuckling ruefully as your dad

made bad jokes. Dad jokes. You ended up serving them, of course, and your mom had looked around the room, at all the other couples, and then she had looked at you, her eyes bright and inquisitive.

"Oh honey, I'm sure there's a guy out there for you."

Your dad chimed in, "You know what they say, there's a shoe for every sock."

"So, I'm a sock? Gee, thanks."

Your mother had frowned, patting your elbow, "I mean it, {y/n}. You're a lovely girl and you've never been short of boyfriends, have you? You aren't seeing anyone right now, are you? A special someone you've been keeping secret from us?"

Oh yeah, there's a guy in my life. A really special guy. He's an eldritch creature from beyond the stars. He likes to take the form of a sleazy old clown and he eats children. Healthy diet, right? He has his own place too, deep in the sewers. I know, what a catch! How is he treating me? Well, he hasn't eaten me yet. And he makes me cum faster than a freight train. Yeah, he's a keeper.

You just shook your head, keeping your eyes on the linoleum beneath your feet.

"No, mom. Still single."

Your father had shrugged, "Leave the kid alone, {m/n}. Sweetheart, don't take it to heart."

"We just want to see you happy and settled, with a family of your own."

You forced a smile, "I am happy. Really, I am."

"I bet there'll be a pile of cards on your doormat when you get home." Your mother was speaking to you, but she only had eyes for your father, her gaze all soft and warm as she watched him slurping down his milkshake, "Cards and flowers, from your admirers. You'll see."

Yeah, right.

Having finally located your keys, you open the front door and kick off your shoes, repressing the urge to glance down at the doormat as your step over the threshold. Still, you can't help noticing the letters scattered beneath your feet. You sigh, defeated, and stoop to gather up the mail, leafing through the letters as you make your way into the kitchen.

Bill, bill, takeaway menu, letter from your old college friend in Providence, bill, holiday postcard from your little sister, bill...

You slip the small pile into the wall-rack over the breakfast bar, beside the 'Derry in Bloom' calendar, noting the date with a roll of your eyes.

February 14th 1985.

Happy fucking Valentine's Day, {y/n}.

You grab a beer out of the fridge and head into the darkened lounge, planning to curl up in front of the TV in your old armchair. You toss your purse onto the couch and place your beer upon the coffee table, beside the art deco lamp. Only, as you reach out for the lamp-switch, your fingers brush against something, against *someone*; someone's *hand*, someone's *arm*, and you cry out, suddenly realising that the armchair is already occupied.

You pull your hand away and flick the switch, your heart pounding almost out of your chest. There is warm breath against the curve of your jaw, a low chuckle beside your ear, in the split second before the room fills with dim light.

"Fuck! What the *fuck*, Penny! You scared the *shit* out of me!"

The clown is reclined in your armchair, his arms now curled around the headrest, his white face alive with mischief.

"Now now, babydoll." Pennywise's tone is chiding, but playful, "Watch your tongue, or ol' Penny might have to hand over your present sooner than planned. You know how hot it makes me, hearing you cuss."

You soften a little, the initial fright subsiding, "How long have you

been here?" Panic sets in, jarring and unpleasant, "Did anyone see you?" It's a ridiculous question; he is a shape-shifter, after all. Still, whatever else he might be, he's also a child murderer, and this is a small town. *If anyone saw a weird clown hanging around your place...*

Penny rolls his eyes, seemingly reading your mind. He ignores the question, reaching across to purloin your beer, "Been here about an hour. Haven't seen you for a while, so I thought I'd pay a visit. Wait for you to come home." He chugs at the beer. He seems to have developed a taste for it recently, despite his preference for blood. He likes cigars, too. You don't mind; the beer and cigars add another layer to his favourite persona. The sleazy clown, complete with a rough Bronx accent. Wearing a white vest and plain boxers beneath his gaudy costume, like some blue-collar tough. That's what he looks like, right now, if you disregard the white face, the bright red hair, the bright red lips. Sitting there, slouched in your chair with his fingers curled around your can of beer, Penny looks like a stock sitcom character. The middle-aged construction worker, relaxing in front of the game after a long day at work. Waiting for his little wifey to bring him a sandwich and another beer.

And you're his little wifey, aren't you?

You feel a white-hot pang of arousal between your thighs.

Oh, Penny knows. Of course he knows. He sets the can aside, eyeing you with barely concealed hunger in his bright gaze, "Where've you been, {y/n}? It's been so boring around here, without my little babydoll."

"Working overtime." You shrug off your coat, letting it fall to the floor. Allowing yourself a little smile, you climb onto Penny's lap and press a tentative kiss against his red mouth, "Boring, hmm? And lonesome, too?"

The clown grumbles, looking slightly put-out, but he allows you to scatter kisses across his face. After a few moments, he catches your chin between his thumb and pointer finger, fixing you with his piercing blue eyes, "Alright, baby. And lonesome, too."

He rubs his gloved fingers along the length of your back, across your

ass, filling his hands with the weight of your buttocks. Your spine curls beneath his touch and you realise that you're purring, ridiculously, like a stroked cat.

Fuck. I'm in too deep here.

Somehow, you can't bring yourself to give a shit.

"How was work?"

You know he doesn't care, not really; such mundane things, such human things, are beyond his comprehension. Still, you're pleased by the question, even if you know that it's all part of his game.

"Nauseating. It's Valentine's Day, so the place was full of happy couples. Heavy petting, with a side of fries."

Valentine's Day.

You pull away, suddenly remembering your mother's comment about cards and flowers, "You got me a present?"

Penny grins, "Especially for you, babe."

"What is it? Where is it?"

The clown's grin stretches across his face, showing his teeth, the points slowly sharpening before your eyes, "It's a surprise. I didn't want to bring it here, so I left it back at my place. You want it?"

You hesitate, uncertain.

Pennywise's place.

His lair, in the sewers.

You don't like it down there.

You don't go there, if you can help it.

That's where he eats.

"Your place?" He chuckles, delivering a stinging open-handed blow to

your ass, his palm cracking against one of your round cheeks. You whimper, and then moan, and he smiles, "The trailer, you dumb broad." Abruptly, he relinquishes his hold on you, pushing you from his lap, "I'll head there now. Got a few things to do, before you come over. You take a shower, make yourself all pretty for me."

You manage a smile, "Sure thing."

Penny lowers his brows, looking displeased, "Sure thing?"

You stammer, realising your mistake, "S-sure thing, *Daddy*."

"That's my girl." With a wink and an audible pop, the clown disappears, leaving you alone in the lounge.

Sighing, you pick up your coat and place it upon the couch, folded neatly beside your purse. Not for the first time, you find yourself questioning the morality, and the sanity, of your current situation.

I mean, I've dated some weird ass guys in my time, but this one really takes the cake.

How the hell did I get myself into this?

But, it is what it is, and there's nothing to be done about it, not at this precise moment. You're entangled in a secret fling with a killer clown...monster...thing...and you're getting off on it, on him, and that's...okay, somehow? No, it's definitely not okay, but you've bought your ticket to this freakshow and you're staying for the finale, whatever that might be. Again, you sigh, and then you trudge upstairs to take a shower. As you climb the stairs, your mind inevitably turns to your closet, putting an outfit together and rejecting it after some consideration, before starting the process again.

Like a teenage girl, preparing for her first date with the high school stud.

"Ugh. What am I doing with my life?"